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At that time I had vainly tried to find the sons of a *shrykh* called Achmed Hafiz, whose name will be known to readers of Homer Davenport's book, "My Quest of the Arab Horse" (New York, 1908). It was from this Achmed Hafiz that Davenport (with whose sister I became well acquainted in California) bought twenty-seven Arab horses in 1906.

On my arrival in Aleppo, my first task was to find the *wakil*. The directions led me to a mediæval building near the citadel. The entrance was barred by an enormous iron-studded timber gate. From the courtyard behind it I could hear the well-known guttural accents of Bedouins. I knocked repeatedly without response. Suddenly, however, with creaking hinges, the huge gate flew wide open, and out galloped four horsemen, almost running me down. Squeezed flat against a stone pillar, I looked in amazement after the small cavalcade that disappeared in a cloud of dust round the beetling ramparts of the old Crusader's castle.

When I turned my eyes to the entrance again, I saw standing before me in the doorway a Bedouin unusually big for his race, a good six feet high, who scrutinized me critically without "batting an eyelid" and without responding to my greeting. At length he coolly laid an arm round my shoulders and, in no very amiable manner, pulled me within, while with his other arm he gave a tug at a long rusty chain, which effectively closed the gate.

My eyes fell on a caravanserai that made me fancy myself back in the days of the Caliphs. The yard was not exactly tidy, but it looked better than many a khan